THE LIFE OF DE GALLIFFET.

A TYPICAL FRENCHMAN-A PALACE STORY-THE CLEVER MARQUISE.

Straight as a dart, lithesome and elegant as in the days when be was wont to lead the impecotillons at the Tutleries, his shortcropped, snow-white hair offering a piquant contrast to the coal-black moustache that only partly conceals the slightly sardonic curl of his lips, and with steel-gray eyes that seem to plerca right through the person at whom he looks, such is the Marquis de Galliffet, Prince de Martigues, recognized all over Europe and in particular at the War Departments of Berlin and Vienna as the foremost cavalry general now living. He is on the point of being retired on the score of age, although far more physically and mentally fit than many an officer ferty years his junior. The grand review which he commanded the other day at Chateaudun was ever take part. It is therefore only fitting that he should have selected his order of the day at the close of that magnificent pageant as the most appropriate means of conveying his adieus to the army. His retirement can only be regarded as a great loss to the latter, from every point of view, and it certainly does seem that the officer who, after having his stomach laid open by the bursting of a shell on the battlefield of Puebla, had the superb grit to rise to his feet and stagger to the rear literally carrying, as stated in the order of the day, "his entrails in his kepi," and then to serve his country with unimpaired vigor and activity for thirty years longer, should have been judged by some different standard of efficiency than that which applies to the ordinary and average officer of the French Army, which loses in him the most picturesque and decorative figure since the days of Joachim Murat. Galliffet, however, differs from the First Napo-

leon's brother-in-law in that whereas the latter, en even after he became King of Naples, was never able to rid himself of innumerable defects of manner and breeding, attributable to his having been a hostler in his early days, the soldier Marquis on the contrary is a grand-seigneur in every sense of the word. In each of his innumerable escapades and adventures he has always managed to steer clear of anything in the shape of vulgarity or in the least way affecting the code of honor of the "gentilhomme." There are many stories in existence as to the origin of the De Galliffet family, and Rochefort even goes so far as to insist that the founder of the house was a galley slave, while others declare that the name of De Galliffet was first borne by a Jewish pedler They all unite, however, in asserting that this ancestor lived at least some 300 years ago, and there is no doubt as to the De Galliffets having been great personages at the court of Versailles in the days of Queen Marie Antoinette, while after the Restoration the father and the grandfather of the Marquis were colonels of the King's bodyguard and people occupying a very conspicuous position in the foremost ranks of the French aristocracy. The Marquis himself entered the army when a mere boy, being barely seventeen years of age when he enlisted as a private in the 1st Hussars. Barely twelve months later he distinguished himself by killing in a duel the fencing-master of his corps. This did not interfere with his advancement; for we find nim four years later wearing the epaulettes of a lieutenant, having won his way up through the different grades of non-commissioned officer. At the same time he had succeeded in making a name for himself as one of the gayest and most brilliant members of the Parisian jeunesse dorée, the companion and chum of that Duc de Grammont-Caderousse, whose name evokes memories of the haleyon days of Parislan gayety.

Rochefort charges the General with having deserted when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, and published official documents in order to substantiate this accusation. He omits, however, to explain the circumstances, namely, that the Marquis was engaged at the time in one of his intrigues with the fair sex which had led to his concealing himself in a chateau in the neighborhood of Aix. Fortunately, one of his fellow-officers was able to recall him to a sense could be executed, and we find him following his corps out to the Crimea, where he so greatly distinguished himself by innumerable feats of gallantry and courage that he was decorated on the field of battle with the Legion of Honor and promoted from the rank of sub-lieutenant to that of major. And if this were not sufficient to disprove the charge of cowardice brought against him by his fellow Marquis, Henri de Rochefort-Luçay, I might recall the well-known story of his having one dark night passed alone right through the Russian lines for the purpose of pay ing a visit to the beautiful lady who had followed him from Aix to the scene of the war. On his return home he received the appointment of aidede-camp to the Emperor, and from that time forth played a leading part in all the festivities organized by Empress Eugénie, which rendered the Tulleries at the time the most brilliant

court in Europe. It would require, not columns, but pages, to relate the stories of De Galliffet's adventures during this period of his career, one of the bestknown being, perhaps, his memorable feat of winning a wager by leaping his horse over the parapet of the Pont de Jena into the Seine while riding arrayed in full uniform alongside of the rest, but at the same time Napoleon, who dewith a beautiful ruby-studded cigarette case as a token of his regard. De Galliffet was constantly under arrest at this period for breaches of discipline in the shape of duels, elopements and escapades of every imaginable kind; but his generally terminated by the Empress insisting that, no matter whether he was undergoing punishment or not, he should be permitted to attend her celebrated Monday evening parties, much spirit or to put so much life into the games -les petits jeux des lundis de l'Imperatrice. Only once did the Empress become angry with him, and that was when, with the full knowledge and consent of the Emperor, he made her the victim respectful hoax. The court was expecting the arrival of an Embassy from Burmah, and one day the Empress was notified by her husband take place that afternoon. The Empress arrayed herself in her stateliest attire and took her place beside her husband under the canopy of hall opened and the Ambassadors made their appearance. Immediately on entering they prostrated themselves, and proceeded to indulge in the most extraordinary antics and contortions in making their way up to the steps of the throne, the leading Ambassador, apparently a states man of more than mature years, alternately manner of manifesting respect, for she alone maintained a grave and impassive demeanor. No one else could repress his merriment, the Emperor himself laughing so audibly that the Emperor himself laughing so audibly that the Empress repeatedly and angrily urged him to behave himself. At the most critical moment, when all decorum appeared to be on the point of collapse, an accident occurred, namely, the oldest-looking and at the same time most agile of the Ambassadors lost both his wig and his beard, revealing to the astounded gaze of the Empress the familiar features of the Marquis de Galliffet. Instead of joining in the peais of laughter that followed, Eugenie burst into tears, complained that she had been insulted, and it was several weeks before De Galliffet was able to regain his place in the good graces of his fair sovereign.

It was in 1862 that he married the lovely and blond daughter of that banker Lafitte who obOVER THE BORDER.

tained so much celebrity in the sporting world as "Major Fridolin." The union did not turn out altogether as happily as was expected, and it was partly with the object of facilitating a separation, which had become urgent, that the Marquis was sent to join the French expeditionary force in Mexico, the beautiful and hospitable establishment in the Itue Rabelais being broken up. It was in that house, by the by, that the Marquis on one occasion gave an illustration of his remarkable tact and savoir faire. It happens that the Avery popular for eigh Prince, who FROM LIVERPOOL TO GLASGOW-THROUGH AYRSHIRE-THE HAUNTS OF BURNS-

GLASGOW AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

Marquis on one occasion gave an illustration of his remarkable tact and savoir faire. It bapened thus A very popular fo.eign Prince, who is as well known on the boulevards of Paris as in the capital of the country of which he is to be the King some day, turned up one evening at a reception given by the Marquise in a condition that can only be described as hitarious in the extreme—a state in fact to render his company not only the reverse of agreeable, but absolutely impossible. On realizing this De Gallifet entired the royal youth away from the Glasgow, Sept. 8.-Masses of dusky cloud were intely impossible. On realizing this De Gallif-fet enticed the royal youth away from the crowded salon to a distant library, or smoking-room, and after inducing the Frince to enter, locked him in. When he discovered the trick that had been played upon him and the fact that he was a prisoner—the only time in his life that he ever was subjected to restraint of this kind—he got very angry and made a most awful noise. Eventually, finding that no one paid any attention to him he settled down on the sofa ly in the glint of sunshine, beneath dim, plate-colmany bright patches of heather, purple against is much intersected with canals. Next came Rufford, green but sombre,-its dreariness accented noise. Eventually, firding that no one paid any attention to him, he settled down on the sofa and went to sieep. In the morning De Galliffet unlocked the door, and, bowing low before his guest, told him he feit sure that His Royal Highners would pardon and even thank him for what he had done. The Prince at once recognized the force of De Galliffet's observations, shook his jailer's hand warmly and rewarded him a few days later with a ruby and diamond pin, showing three feathers and a crown surmounted with the words "Ich Dien." ing picture of placid life, in the grouping of catpin, showing three feathers and a crown surmounted with the words "Ich Dien."

I have spoken above of the terrible wound that put a stop to the military career of the Marquis in Mexico. Any other man would probably have succumbed to a wound of so terrible a character, especially when it is remembered that he received it turing the hottest period of a Mexican summer, and it wis only by means of ice obtained with the utmost difficulty by his comrades from the mountains that he was kept alive. The Empress happened to be at dinner when the news of his misfortune reached the Tuileries, and was in the act of eating a hombe-glacée. Moved beyond measure by the story of the difficulties experienced in procuring ice for the and presently thereafter we flashed into the deep and variegated valleys of Wilpskire. Aroun I Gisborne the country smiles with bloom, the hillside pastures are populous with sleek cattle and of the meadow is strikingly diversified with the darker green of those graceful hedge-rows which add so much to the charm of this delicious land. After Hellifield there were green fields and picturesque hedges upon every side,-a few walls of stone coming into the picture,-and then the open country grew lonely and bleak once more, Moved beyond measure by the scale for the wounded Marquis, she pushed her plate away from her, and in her impulsive Spanish fashion vowed that she would never touch any iced as we gazed on vacant moorlands, and saw, with musing eyes, a single figure of a traveller, vowed that she would never touch any leed entremet again until the war was at an end. As soon as De Galliffet was able to travel he was sent home with the flags captured from the enemy, which he laid at the feet of the Emperor at Vichy. By means of a clever silver contrivance, or belt, covering the wound, he was enabled a year later to resume his military service, and in 1868 we find him relieved of his command of one of the crack Hussar regiments for having fought a duel with one of his subaltern officers, Prince Achille Murat. His disgrace did not last long, and during the war of 1870 he directed that memorable cavalry charge at Sedan which evoked from Emperor William the exclamation: "Oh, les brave gens." (Oh, the brave fellows.) lessening in the dim distance, upon the long and see the mountains of Cumberland, and your thoughts will drift away to the poetle past,-to brave fellows.)

His career since then will be familiar to most of my readers, and I snall merely content myself with relating a few little incidents which may tend to illustrate the character of this typical French paladin. During the days that followed the capture of Paris from the Communists, a capture in which he played a prominent part, he saved Rochefort, who had been taken prisoner, from being shot. Not because he had any sympathy for the man, who had ever shown himself his most bitter enemy, but merely because he considered that it would be a mean advantage thus to get even with him. He likewise declined to accept the ribbon of Commander of the Legion of Honor for his services in reconquering Paris from the insurgents, saying that he did not wish for a decoration stained with the blood of his fellow-citizens. Later on he was appointed to the command of the army corps stationed at Orleans, and on his arrival there was asked by old Bishop Dupanloup whether Mme. la Marquise would not soon join him there. "The Marquise is dead," he curtly replied. This remark was, of course, communicated to Mme, de Galliffet, then, as now, living with the Princesse de Sagan. A month later the General sent out invitations for a grand ball at Orleans, for which he made the most elaborate preparations. But on the very morning of the day when the entertainment was to take place every guest received a black-bordered, printed letter announcing in the usual conventional manner the sudden demise of Mme, la Marquise de Galliffet. The result was that not a single guest appeared at the ball. I may add that the handwriting on the envelopes is said to have been recognized as that of "Cochonette" de Galliffet and "Canaillette" de Sagan.

To A DISTANT LADE. His career since then will be familiar to most away, the receding, misty, much broken outline of the country of the Lakes. There was but the of the country of the Lakes. There was but the faintest prospect of storied Carlisle,—memorable for all its sad associations of the crushed rebellion of '45,—and after Carlisle we caught a glimpse of the ocean, and then, with a quick sense of freedom and of home, we dashed across that he prefers a wife who can make jum set on discuss political constitutions. Its sense of freedom and of home, we dashed across

the border and were in Scotland. It has been my fortune on various occasions to see this land in capricious moods of weather but never before in such a blaze of warmth and light. There was not a cloud in the sky, as we is level, but its diversity makes it piquant, and as we heard or saw the familiar names, and its loveliness and feel its charm. There, within story of that poet's life. His first seven years are associated with the cottage at Alloway, where he was born, January 25, 1759, and when he lived, a happy boy, until 1766. Then, becoming a laborer for his father, he was removed to the farm of Mount Oliphant, where he remained till he was eighteen. In 1777 he accompanied his parents to another farm, called Lochles,-still in Ayrshire,-where, on February 13, 1784, his father died. His next residence, and one at which he wrote many of his most characteristic and beautiful poems, notably "The Cottar's Saturday Night," was at Mossgiel, near Mauchline, where he dwelt from 1784 till 1788. In 1786 he first repaired to Edinburgh, and during about Poears he was a brilliant figure in that brill-In July, 1788, he established his residence at El-lisland, where he wrote, among other immortal verses, "John Anderson, My Jo," and that ex-quisite lyric, "To Mary in Heaven," and where His lifetime comprised only thirty-seven years and a half. He never left Scotland, and even of his native land he saw but little. It is astonishing indeed to consider how narrow were the phywhen contrasted with the wide range of his experience. Thus recalling familiar facts, and thus

TO A DISTANT LADY.

Rold sallors yet, through frozen seas, Attempt to reach the Northern Pole; They quit their friends, and home, and ease, To conquer the unconquered goal.

I've now been held these winters two Bound in the ice of your distain; Could but I break a passage through I'd not ask to come south again.

The day goeth in gray
Like a gray nun;
There's a bird on the highest spray
Singing that summer's done;
Singing so sad and gay
Of summers over and gone.

The day's wimple of gray
Round her cheeks drawn
Hides what her eyes say;
A wimple finer than lawn
Hides the eyes of the day
Since the gray flower of dawn.

Of the minutes and hours.
Dewy gray are her eyes—
Gray eyes, sweeter than flowers.
She keepeth her mysteries
Holy in her gray bowers.

THE PASSION FLOWER.

From the French of Mme, de Chambrun, by E. B.

It has the crown of thorn
And the ladder that leads on high,
Bitter, now sweet, the drops divine
From the sponge of agony;

And here is hope's bright green, And violet for gloom. Gladness and sorrow both are there, The cradle and the tomb.

This is my chosen flower. In color like a day that soon must pale away, Life's image true! Life's image true! The Past, the Future, too!

OF THE TRUE MARRIAGE.

Katharine Tynan, in The London Illustrated News

He said: "Within this city great Where sin still slays the Lamb of God, What dost thou think I contemplate For comfort when I look abroad?" His servant answered: "Yonder church Crowded at masslime to the porch."

The Lord replied: "Not so"; and then
His servant guessed to make Him glad
The priest where he sat shriving men;
The wounded healed; the orphan clad;
The widow's tears wiped off; the poor
Fed from another's little store.

And then he guessed the saint who died Last night; Fra Leo, viril-pale, Painting the wings of Heaven; Christ's bride New-wed, beneath her shadowy veil; The gray cross in the market-place With children playing at its base.

He guessed most things of earth and heaven: The convent garden and the doves: The western sky afame at even; The mountains and the orange groves; The see that means also

The sea that mouned alway and prayed: And yet the Lord God shook his head.

Whose love and peace and sweet accord Comfort Me greatly"; said the Lord.

My sweet, there's nothing to forgive; I still am in your debt, Who gave a hope, if not the gift On which my heart was set.

Had you seen fit to grant your love I were more deeply debtor; And yet . . . who gains what he desired Aye proves mere hope was better.

And so there's nothing to forgive; Yet, since I own a debt, For your dear sake I'll do the rest, and very soon forget.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

So in life's evening hour

The day goeth so slow,
Like a gray nun,
Whispering sweet and low
Orison, benison.
And only to see her go
The stars come one by one.

Yea, in life's evening hour This is my chosen flower. The Passion Flower its name, But Flower of Life I call it; Are they not the same?

She counteth her rosarles Of the minutes and hor

and then it is very dismal; but on a bright day there is not a cheerler city in the kingdom; and Broomlelaw,-while the Clyde flashes in sunshine, and all the graceful stone bridges are thronged with vehicles and people,-the ships every sign of prosperous activity. In Buchananwindows denote a profuse opulence, and in the bright faces and lithe movements of the many pedestrians it is easy to read the story of energetic labor, buoyant spirits, and a happy and as mercurial as the Highlanders,-who alternate forever between impetuous joy and deep despondency, the smile and the tear,-but to possess more of the steadiness and uniformity that mark the English. Glasgow is self-centred, the home of contented industry, and the peer, for cial capital of Scotland; and to look upon her long lines of active and brilliant streets, and her sumptuous public buildings and monuments, and to hear the clatter of the hammers in the splenless, pulsannt, victorious spirit of the present deels as well as dreams. Devotion to practical affairs, on the other hand, has not made her mindless of national literature and art,-for George Square, with its noble column to Sir Wal-John Moore (commemorated in Charles Wolfe's immortal verses, "Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note"), Lord Clyde, Livingston, Watt. and Sir Robert Peel, not to speak of the massive, Trafalgar Square, of London, and far nobler in its meaning. The poet Campbell was born in Glasgow, but I sought in vain for the house of nis birth. In these same streets he may have walked (as was his custom of composition), when making the sonorous and splendid lines upon "The

pleasure, passing all words, to follow in the footand noble memory. There may be other pursuits which tend more to broaden the mind and strengthen the character; but, if so, I have not found them; and I know not of any pursuit so gratifying to the imagination and so atimulative to spiritual growth as that of musing among haunts that have been adorned by genius, enhaunts that have been adorned by genius, endeared by associations of heroic or pathetic experience, and distailed by the splendid force of
illustrious example. The present should not be
blindly undervalued, in comparison with the
past; but no man is to be envied who could
stand unmoved beside the grave of Motherwell,
in Glasgow's beautiful Necropolis, or at the stone
that covers the dust of Edward Irving (whereon
the face of the apostle looks with eyes of life
itself from the wonderful painted window), in the
gloomy crypt of her grim eithestral. By sights
like those the best victues of human character
are sustained and augmented, and by sights like
those the place of them is made precious forever,

THE GERMAN EMPRESS.

A SUNNY-NATURED WOMAN.

From The Woman at Home Germany is fortunate because her restless ruler is so admirably balanced by a quiet, peaceful, sunny-natured consort who has no desire to make or unmake Ministries, nor to pose as a personage whose smiles and frowns make or mar the fortunes

of individuals or communities. The Empress has the wonderful gift of growing sore charming as she grows older. She was a countrified" girl when she married; she is now a dignified woman of attractive figure and exceptional grace. If you study her portraits you will see how greatly she has increased in charm since she beame Empress six years ago. She is thirty-lix years of age, and is by three months the scalor of er husband. She is of the sweet blend, blue-eyed German type. The Emperor wrote to his mother

when he was courtieg:

The Empress has seven children, and these arher jewels. Upon them and upon her husband her life is centred. She does not trouble herself about ures of the fashiomble world. The affairs of the

perience. Thus recalling familiar facts, and thus reflecting on them, we traversed the country of Burns and dashed through the haunted lands of the Border,—leaving, far eastward, St. Mary's Loch and the haunts of the Ettrick Shepherd, and far southward Ecclefechen, with its memories of Carlyle; passing Kilmarnock, where the poems of Burns were first published; seeing the distant mountains of Arran, across the Firth of Clyde; thinking of Scott, and Campbell, and Wilson, and Motherwell, and all the many minstrels who have shed imperishable glory on the land; and coming at last, in the cold lustre of closing day, to Glasgow and our rest.

The traveller commonly sees Glasgow in rain,

The traveller commonly sees Glasgow in rain,

The last distribute the sace of the familiar day would assend the throne, except perhaps in band would assend the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in band would assend the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in band would assend the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in band would assend the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in band would assend the throne, except perhaps in old agreed the throne, except perhaps in bell as a source which he saver went about that the valle Embed was not very cerially received by her august mother in law and the Imperial Court, and that the old Embed was not very cerially received by her august mother in law and the Imperial Court, and that the old Embed was not very cerially received the that the old Embed was not very cerially received by her august mother in law and the Imperial Court, and that the old Embed was not very cerially received by her august mother in law and the Imperial Court, and that the old Embed was not very corially received by her august mother in law and the

coffee. That is a privilege never intrusted to the servants. The Imperial tantify dine at 1 o clock in the atternoon, at 5 tex is served, and at 8 a simple supper.

The Empress looks most carefully after the elucation of her boys. She is the real ruler of the family, as the Emperor is the ruler of the family, as the Emperor is the ruler of the State. She permits nothing to interfere with her care for the children, and as there are now seven children, six boys and one girl, it must be granted that her interpretation of her duties leaves her with but little time for the metricy ornamental part of Imperial life. With all her care for the children's minds, she is equally assidious for the welface of their boiles. She has the hours of study. What is more, she plays with the children, in the nursery and out of doors. The two oldest boys are big enough to row her in their boat. A fayorite pastime with the six brothers is pony racing—the Empress is spectator and judge, and decorates the winner with a blue ribbon. She takes long walks with the boys, and on the way does a little botanizing. She romps with the youngsters, and is, on the whole, their best playfellow. She goes with them to the riding-school which is attached to the palace at Potssiam, and on a fine day she plenics with them in the fellow with a passion much too big for his age concerning everything soldierly. He is as fond of uniforms as his father is, and he imitates that war lord in many ways. It pleases him hugely to receive salutes from the imperial Guards, and he is so fond of saluting everybody in return, in military fashion, that he greatly amuses the family group. Ettel-Fritz, though a year younger, is taller and bigger and sturdler than his brother, and he was made an officer of the footwards on his tent birth-day. He marched with his regiment wearing the quaint uniform of the time of Frederick the Great, and he immensely delighted his mother, who watched the paralee from the palace windows. Another spectator of the event was the little Queen of Ho

Schubert's Serenade. He may have a Strauss Waltz, or a Wagner Overture. He may have Humor or Tragedy, Pathos

tense love for and enjoyment in music.

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tion of such skill as is necessary for the production of good music.

Few of us have the ability of an artist, but all of us have an in-

admires, exactly when he wants it, played with just the expres-

sion his mood calls for. He may have a programme made of one

kind of music-or another-or of various kinds. He may have

a Beethoven Sonata, followed by Yankee Doodle, and that by

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Next come the dogs. They are mostly small dogs, but even small dogs that get small masters into here of the small dogs that get small masters into here of the small dogs that get small masters into the Emperors and of mind, penetrated into the Emperors and dorse the dogs, having an large out of all propertion of the discovered the little of that they had committed an amount of were a great that they had committed an amount of were a great that they had committed an amount of were a great that they had committed an amount of were a great that they had rent an imperial rescript which a which had been to the great the small propertion of the great that they had rent an imperial rescript which a small occasion. The boys entrolling the sport, Elei-Priz, by the way, is a depletion rough the sport. Elei-Priz, by the way, is a depletion rough the sport, elei-Priz, by the way, is a depletion of the state of the sport which a great price of the small properties. He is a bit age he used to delight in bothing his English tuttor. "Mr. So-and-so, he extended in the small price of the small pri

student "corps" and "Verbindungen," with their pleturesque uniforms and carrying the corps bangreat funeral pageant. Professor Von Helmholtz of the kindly interest that he took in even the minor concerns of the student life at the university. To the very last days of his life he preserved his resonal loss to them-so many years had his gental good-nature and his willingness to help

He was often called a "genius of work," and the untiring patience were the richest and warmest gifts that are found in an imaginative artist-soul. of the scientific investigator is perhaps best ex-pressed in Von Helmholtz's own words. At the celebration of the 500th anniversary of the found-ing of Heidelberg University, in the course of a response to the toast of "The City of Heidelberg," and in adverting to the wonderful work of Bunsen and Kirchhoff in the examination of the sun's spectrum, he said: "Is it accidental that out from has for the first time penetrated the immeasurable in deciphering the chemical nature of the planet an accomplishment which immediately before would have had to be regarded as the most adventurous impossibility? I think not. The investigator must he must also give earnest and patient labor to the gathering and preparation of his materials, but he must also give earnest and patient labor to the gathering and preparation of his materials, but labor alone will never bring forth great illuminating ideas. These spring, like Minerva from the head of Jove, unexpected and unpredicted. We know not whence they come. Only this is certain, that they never come to the one who has learned to know life only between the pages of his books, or to the one who is wearied and duded by monotomous toil. There must be that confident feeling of vitality and power which comes especially to all who dwell in the pure air of the mountain heights. And when the calm peace of the forest draws the wanderer from the restless tumult of the world, when his glance can sweep over the rich, green plains, with their hamlets and their fields, and when the sinking sun spins golden threads over the distant peaks, it is then that in the vague depths of his soul there appear, sympathetically, the germs of rew ideas, that are to show light and order in the inner world, where before all seemed darkness and chaos."

Von Helmhoitz himself had this deep poetic insight. His life was one devoted to earnest work, but he was not a cold, mathematical soul, such as its found too often in the laboratory investigator. He had room in his nature for artistic tastes and a strong imaginative love of nature. He could concentrate his mind upon the keen, chemical and mathematical analysis of the winds and the waters, but he was also almost passionately fond of the beauty of nature, apart from such analyses, and for years he was accustomed to spend the late summer among the beauties of the Engadine Alps, or in tramping through the great forests of Germany.

BOTH WERE PLACE OF AMUSEMENT.

From The London Daily News. "On one occasion," said Mr. Corney Grain, in his conversation with a contributor to "St. Paul's" "when we were acting at Weston-super-Mare, an old lady came up to one of the ladies of our company and said, "Could you tell me, miss, if there are any two-shilling seats left." 'Cos if there aren't I'll go to church."

From The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

How is it that the eyes of some portraits seem to follow a spectator around the room? It is thus explained: Suppose a portrait have its face and eyes directed straight in front, so as to look at the spectator. Let a straight line be drawn through the tip of the nose and half way between the eyes. On each side of this middle line there will be the same breath of head, of cheek, of chin, and of neck, and each iris will be in the middle of the whole of the eye. If one now go to one side, the apparent horizontal breadth of every part of the head and face will be diminished, but the parts on each side of the middle line will be diminished equally and at every position, however oblique, there will be the same breadth of face on each side of the middle line, and the iris will remain in the centre of the cycloall, so that the portrait will preserve all the character of a faure looking at the spectator and must necessarily do so wherever he stands. In portraits the apparent motion of the head is generally rendered indistinct by the canvas being imperfectly stretched, as the slightest concavity of convexity entirely deforms the face.

"Jingle is running right through with his for-tune." "Spending it recklessly?"
"Great Scott, yes; he's done nothing but pay to honest debts for the last six months."

Pleasures of Hope"; and thinking of their wonderful eloquence and beauty, it has been a deep

A JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES.

DEATH OF "BOE" MACNER, WHO DID EVERY-THING FOR EVERYBODY IN ENGLEWOOD. When the town of Englewood heard on Sunday,

September 30, that "Bob" Magner was dead, there were few who did not feel that the news meant a been a familiar sight upon the streets.
"Hob" was a jack-of-all-trades, if there ever was one; and, as one of his friends says, modestly, "he was master of some." Originally, "Bob" was a

he induced "Bob" to turn him out a pair of shoes that were the admiration of the craft.

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sallantly for a year in the ranks of that regiment, afterward being transferred to the hospital service. He was a member of the company of militia organized in Englewood in 1872, known as "Company B," and was also at one time connected with bwight Post, G. A. R.

Best of ail, perhaps, "Hob" was a nurse. In his two years of hospital work in the Army he had been at the front, active and skifful in his ministrations to the avounded and suffering, and the able assistant of the surgeons in their labors on the field of battle. So in time of peace he was often sought for in cases of severe and contaglous diseases, for he was fearless of danger and tender as a woman.

And to what could not "Bob" turn his hand? He was in and out of a hilf-dozen callings, for his was a roving disposition, and lacked the elements of permanent success. At one time he worked at shoetmaking, at another he kept a notion store, and at another conducted business as a caterer and consolver conducted business as a caterer and contectioner. For a while he was sexton of a church, and again a jantor. Sometimes he figured in entertainments where "local talent" exhibited itself, and for amateur theatricals his services were indispensable. He was an expert at carpenter and joiner work—where he picked it up is unknown—and joiner work—where he picked it up is unknown—and at all kinds of repairing where mechanical ingenuity was required. He could paint a sign or a scene, of recent years "Bob" had officiated as steward for the Englewood Club, having the care of its rooms in the Lyceum Building. On September 2: he was found in the rooms prostrated with an attack of heart failure, from which he never rallied.

He was a successful broker and a "man of the world," and was walking rapidly down Broadway elined to be cynical and seldom gave anything to beggars, so when a wretchedly-clad and miserablelooking human being ranged up alongside him when he reached the Produce Exchange, and holding out a begrimed hand said: "Won't yer please assist a poor man to a night's lodging—ain't had narthin' ter eat for two days?" he said in a rough way:

"No, I can't help you." The man did not give up hope, and still shambling along by the broker, said again:

"I ain't had narthin' ter eat for two days," and he looked so starved and wretched that the broker he looked so staryed and wretched that the broker paused irresolutely and put his hand into his pocket. Then he reflected for a moment that the man was probably an imposter, like most of his "calling," and he said once more:

"No, I can't help you; go away."

The beggar suddenly straightened himself, and exclaiming, in the most unconcerned manner: "Oh, that will be all right; ta-ta," hurried off around the corner, and was out of sight in a moment, leaving the "man of the world" paralyzed with astonishment.

Mr. Broker says he has changed his restauran

downtown, "so he can know what he's getting." His mind got uncertain about his old place after an experience he had last Friday. Friday is "fish day" at this place, and Mr. B. likes fish when it is "just right." So he cast his eye over the bill of fare, and remarked: "Lizzie, how is the boiled inture fort which has been erected in the palace gardens.

The Empress supplies her children liberally with pets, and many others have been given to the lads by foreign sovereigns and Princes. The Sultan of Turkey presented them with several ponies, which have become the first favorites among the pets.